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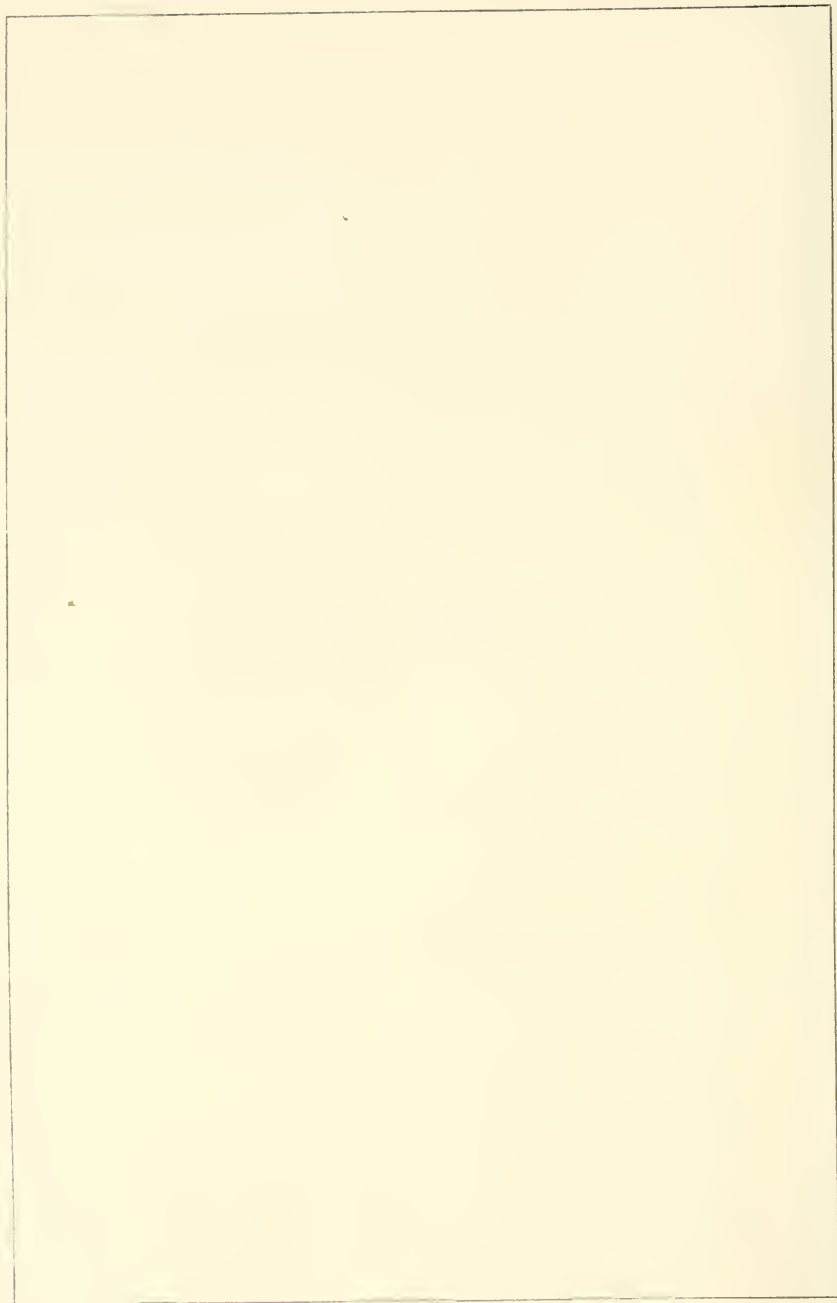
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MEMORIAL.





CHARLES MIESEN M. D.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY H. H. WOOD

CHARLES MIFFLIN, M. D.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
HIS ANCESTORS
AND ANCESTRAL
CONNECTIONS



BY

BENJAMIN C. MIFFLIN



CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the **Riverside Press**

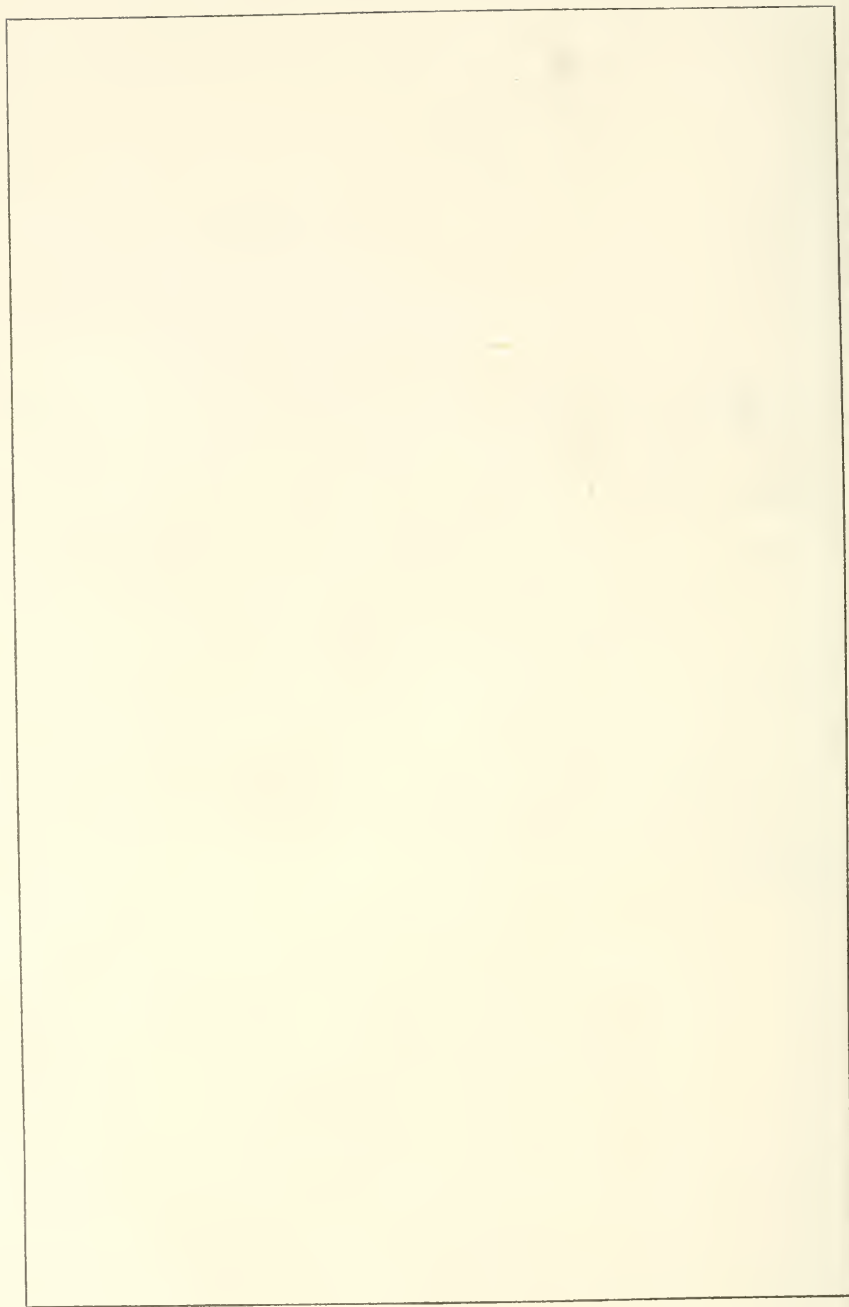
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OF the portraits here introduced, the one of Dr. Miffin, facing the title-page, is from a crayon made in 1871, and was at that time a most speaking likeness. He was then sixty-six years of age. Those of Mr. Samuel Miffin and his wife and grandchild, are from photographs of the originals by Copley. The heliotype process has faithfully reproduced the imperfections of these photographs, which were taken some years ago; and the pictures are inserted, not as good copies of the originals, but as having an historical interest.





Memorial.

DR. CHARLES MIFFLIN was born in Philadelphia on the 19th day of July, 1805, and died at his residence in Boston on the 9th day of December, 1875. For ancestors he had men and women who, in their day and generation, were highly prized and respected — and noticeably one, who has left behind him a name that will live as long as there remains any taste for pure and elegant English, or as long as any interest is attached to characters that played leading parts in the great drama which was acted during the long and eventful reign of George III. To the superficial observer of the social laws that govern this country, it might seem that there was no such thing as caste; and that, so far as the word related to the American Republic, it might as well be blotted from the dictionary. Practically speaking, this is undoubtedly true. Every man is supposed to receive his title deeds to name and fame — not

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from a dead ancestry, however honored it may have been, but from his own actions or exertions. Although a prize sought after by many, a high social position in this country carries with it no tangible honors. Thus those unfamiliar with the subject have rushed to the conclusion that we have no social laws. This is a great mistake. We have social laws clearly and sharply defined, even though they be unrecorded, and not necessarily dependent upon the past for their origin. I doubt if, in any part of the world, fifty years ago, there could have been found a more refined or exclusive society than existed in Boston and Philadelphia. The rapid growth of individual wealth during the past twenty years has gradually changed, or, as some would say, demoralized, the old order of things. Yet it still lives, certainly in the New England and Middle States, and flourishes, I might add, in some parts of them. While it is a poor and petty ambition for one to endeavor to excuse his own shortcomings by clinging to and parading the good deeds of those whose blood flows in his veins, surely, on the other hand, it is the part of folly and ingratitude to be unmindful of what one's ancestors have been or done or dared, since such memory aids one in emulating their virtues or avoiding their vices. Traits of character are, by the laws of nature, inherited. We could not avoid them if we

would. I shall endeavor to give some account of Dr. Mifflin's ancestors, feeling sure that his descendants will find much to be proud of and little to blush for.

Dr. Mifflin's ancestral paternal name was Francis, — but, for reasons that will appear in their proper place, it was changed to that of Mifflin in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The family of Francis was of English origin and Protestant faith; although in the latter part of the seventeenth century I find some of the name settled in Dublin, and holding prominent positions in the Irish Catholic Church. Exactly at what time or under what circumstances they were transplanted to Ireland is doubtful. Indeed, it cannot be positively stated that the English and Irish branches had a common origin, but the Irish branch always so held it, for its armorial bearings were the same as those of a clan bearing the same surname in the western part of England, and it was from that clan that all the family traditions were taken. But there may have been strong reasons for the Irish being anxious to establish relationship with their English namesakes. In those days, very much more than in these, it was of great social and political importance for the ambitious to be able to appeal to a long list of illustrious ancestors, made illustrious, I mean, not necessarily by noble deeds but by the ac-

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cident of birth. The English family of Francis had for many generations been prominent. Precisely what position it held, I have not the means of ascertaining; but that it was one of considerable importance is made evident from the fact that the representative of the family was knighted at the coronation of Richard II. in 1377. At that time this was no empty honor. He must have rendered the king, or those who controlled the king's councils (Richard at his coronation being but a boy of thirteen), valuable services; and, in accordance with the customs of the time, it is fair to infer that this royal recognition of either services or intrinsic worth was accompanied by substantial gifts. At the time of the Francis settlement in Ireland the interests of church and state were firmly bound together. To be a Dean was not necessarily to be a man wedded to the sanctity of the church, or free from political ambition, either in theory or practice. Oftentimes the church afforded a convenient cloak to hide selfish ends. At intervals throughout the reigns of Charles I., the interregnum of Cromwell, the reign of Charles II., the reign of James II., and especially during the stormy times that raged previous to and after the death of Queen Anne, when the house of Stuart forfeited its inheritance, and the Hanoverian dynasty succeeded, the strong hand of the church made its mark

so deep and clear in self-aggrandizement that no pretension which it may have made to religion can erase it. That the first of the Francisese settled in Ireland was ambitious, and, moreover, a political writer of note, is certain; and in due time it will be seen that his descendants inherited these proclivities. It can readily be imagined, then, how important it was to connect by ties of blood the two branches. I am inclined to the belief, however, that the Irish branch was correct, and that if the proper vouchers could be found, their direct descent from their distinguished namesakes in England could be easily shown. For, on looking over records I find that Philip Francis was mayor of Plymouth in 1644, and that during the civil war he was an ardent, although possibly secret, advocate of the royal cause. But however guarded in his sentiments or movements he may have been, he could not have retained that position had he not been backed by influential friends from some quarter, for Plymouth early declared in favor of Parliament, and, near the year 1644, made a determined and successful resistance to a besieging army. The power that could place and sustain a royal mayor in an influential revolutionary town, must have been great. And from what source could it have come, but from his own kindred who had been honored and respected and powerful for cen-

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turies in the western part of England? I shall assume, then, for chronological purposes, that the Very Rev. John Francis, who was the first of his name to settle in Ireland, and with him his descendants in America, can properly trace a genealogy to the days of Richard II. In the reign of James II. he was made Dean of Leighlin, a position he retained until 1704, when he appears to have sat in the Convention of Dublin. He is said to have been a great collector of books, an eloquent preacher, and an accomplished scholar.

His son, John Francis, was also a dignitary of the Irish church establishment—first rector and vicar of Innes-Connaught—rector of St. Mary's Church, from which he was ejected on account of his excessive Tory principles. He was reinstated, however, made Dean of Leighlin, and subsequently translated to the deanery of Lismore. He married Miss Tench, a lady of high social position, but small fortune. In 1724 he died, leaving a widow and five children, three sons, Richard, Tench, and Philip, and two daughters, Mary and Anne.

In early life Richard studied under the well-known and famous Dr. Sheridan of Dublin. He was subsequently educated as a lawyer, was entered in the Middle Temple, London, June 30, 1719, and commenced the practice of his profession May 15, 1724. He attained to considerable

distinction, although he died before reaching the age of mature manhood. He was a legal author of some repute, and one of his treatises, "Maxims of Equity," has survived the march of time, having been printed in England in 1729, 1739, and 1746; and in Richmond, Virginia, in 1823.

Tench was also educated as a lawyer. He was a man of great abilities and strong character. Thinking that America afforded a more extensive field for his talents, he emigrated to Maryland, where, in 1724, he married Elizabeth Turbutt, a celebrated beauty of the day, well born and connected. Shortly after his marriage he removed to Philadelphia, where he soon took a leading position in his profession. In 1744 he was made Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and held that position, I think, until the day of his death, which occurred August 14, 1758. He was highly esteemed as a lawyer, author, and scholar, as well as a refined and educated gentleman. He was the head of the American branch of the family.

Philip, so far as scholarship was concerned, had abilities more marked even than those of his brothers, but, unlike them, he did not possess those rigid traits of character necessary to make life a substantial success. Although ambitious, and endowed with great aptitude for political writing, and living at a time when this talent was a reasonably sure passport to

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worldly honors, he never succeeded in mounting high the ladder of fortune. Just before he died he wrote as follows to his son; considering his opportunities and abilities it is sadly suggestive: "I have written my ever faithful Sally not to send you this paper until the wretched writer shall be no more. Take then, my dearest Phil, my last farewell. Take all my thanks for your kindness and tenderness, your care and punctuality in my affairs. With regard to this world, I have only to hope that the money arising from Mr. Jennings' bond may be remitted to Sally, to pay the expenses of burying me, which, with my servant's wages and my present quarter's rent, is all I owe. . . . Farewell *forever*." While quite young he married Elizabeth Rowe, whose father claimed descent from Sir Thomas Rowe, the British ambassador to the Great Mogul in the reign of James I. At the time of his marriage he was settled in a Dublin curacy, and was then known as a powerful and accomplished political writer, being engaged in the service of the "Castle." As such he attracted the attention of Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His married life was brief. The exact date of his wife's death is uncertain, but it probably took place in 1744-45, as at about that time he removed to London, leaving his only son in charge of his Dublin relatives. This son was the cele-

brated Sir Philip Francis. His further fortunes I shall follow but briefly. Up to the day of his death he was engaged in literary and political pursuits, besides being for a time the chaplain of Lord Holland and preceptor of his son, the celebrated Charles James Fox. "My father almost lived at Holland House," wrote his son in the fragments of his own autobiography twenty years afterwards, "and was the friend and favorite of the family." He was the well-known translator of Horace, Demosthenes, Æschines, all of his versions being considered by Dr. Johnson the best that had been made; the author of the tragedies "Eugenia" and "Constantine," as well as of many political pamphlets during the reign of George II. and George III. Churchill directed against him a savage attack, calling him "an atheist chaplain of an atheist lord."

"While virtue to my conduct witness bears
In throwing off the cloak that Francis wears!"

Mary Francis, eldest daughter of the Dean, in January, 1726, married John Baggs, Esquire, of Dublin, in the Irish Civil Service. Three sons and one daughter were the result of this union. Of these children, one, Stephen, entered the church, became Vicar of Kilmacabea, and had also other livings. He married and had issue, but whom he married, what became of his children, or what position they occupied in the

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world, I do not know; and the relationship that would exist between them and Dr. Mifflin's descendants is too remote and collateral to make the inquiry interesting. Another son, Philip, became Major in the British Army, and had a career that, if not great, was honorable. He was a man well known in fashionable society, — too well known, for his own benefit, at gambling tables (public gambling, it may be stated by the way, was a part of fashionable life in those days), had a handsome person and graceful address, a high sense of personal honor, great pluck and nerves of steel, two qualities which, on many occasions, did him good service. In short, he was a sort of Major Pendennis. He died unmarried. The history of the other children I have not ascertained.

It has been stated that Philip Francis was left in charge of his Dublin relatives at the time his father removed to London. I think a few more words concerning this distinguished man than have been deemed sufficient for the other members of the family, will not be out of place, especially in view of the fact, that for a number of years he maintained an interesting correspondence with his American cousins. Moreover, with one of them, especially prized, Colonel Turbutt Francis, he was engaged in what afterwards turned out to be a colossal land speculation, which, but for an afterward discov-

ered flaw in a title, would have bequeathed to the descendants a princely fortune.

The life of Sir Philip Francis is a part of the history of his country, — whatever is great in its literature or eminent in its statesmen. Long before he reached the age of manhood he became absorbed in public affairs, and during his whole life he was an active, eager, passionate politician. By his pen he became a formidable opponent of all the arbitrary measures, which, in his day, threatened to undermine the constitutional history of England. "I can hardly remember," he told his second wife, Lady Francis, "when I did not write for the press." Although in early life his physical constitution was not strong, his natural abilities and spirit of emulation soon placed him in the front rank of his class, and in 1756 I find him recorded as "head boy" in St. Paul's Public School. His father's connection with Lord Holland early initiated him in the society of the leading political and literary men of the day. Through their influence, almost immediately after leaving school, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office; and soon after, at the early age of eighteen, he was attached to General Bligh's expedition to Cherbourg. In 1760 he was appointed secretary to Lord Kinmoul's expedition to Portugal; and during his residence in that disturbed state, he received those impressions of

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the evils of despotism, which, in subsequent years, he imparted to the press with such vehemence and zest, and in language so terse and classic, that, unconsciously, he paved his way to fame and fortune. Soon after his return from Portugal he married a Miss Macrabie, a young lady to whom he had been attached for years. This union was bitterly opposed by his father, who deemed the connection not only imprudent but utterly beneath his great expectations, her father being a man of neither rank nor influence, and engaged in some "city business." The event caused a temporary estrangement between father and son. The knot, however, that was tied in the spring of 1762-63 never was regretted; and through his long and eventful life Sir Philip ever cherished his early love. His brother-in-law, Alexander Macrabie, in after years became one of his most trusted and valued friends.

In 1762-63 he was appointed first clerk in the War Department; and it was while in this position that he contributed to the press a series of articles that at once arrested public attention, not so much from the private scandal and personal history detailed (always interesting to fashionable society) as from the striking brilliancy of their author's style. For merciless sarcasm, compressed energy, and vivid illustration, they stand unrivaled in the annals of lit-

erature, and have long since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. In a letter addressed to the Duke of Grafton, who was descended from Charles II., is the following: "The characters of the reputed ancestors of some men have made it impossible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing example of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest feature of the human face." I take it for granted that Philip Francis and Junius were one and the same person. Recent years have established their identity beyond reasonable doubt. This is, of course, no place to weigh the arguments that have been used in this celebrated controversy. It may be stated, however, that Sir Philip strenuously denied the authorship down to the day of his death. This might seem to throw some doubt upon the calm judgment of posterity; but to any one familiar with the famous letters, attack-

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ing as they do all the leading characters of the day, not sparing even royalty itself, it must be evident that the author could not have disclosed his secret. Had he done so, he would have been ostracized from society. "I am the sole depository of my secret," the author wrote at the time, "and it shall die with me." I am inclined to believe, however, that the veil of secrecy he had endeavored to draw around himself was penetrated by some of those who held the reins of government; for suddenly, and for no reasons that have ever been explained, while he had the most adverse political antecedents, he was raised from his, comparatively speaking, humble office in the War Department, to a membership in the new Council of India with a salary of £10,000, and with a power and patronage greater than that of any European minister. "But how did you get the appointment?" wrote Richard Tilghman, one of his American kinsmen. It is certainly a little singular that with his departure from England the letters of Junius ceased. He remained in India some years, making a fierce and determined resistance to the pretensions of the Governor-general. A misunderstanding of some official paper caused an open rupture, and he was forced to fight a duel with Warren Hastings, in which he was wounded. He returned to England with a handsome fortune, entered

Parliament, and for years devoted all his energies to the pursuit of his Indian policy of opposition to Hastings. The result of the famous trial is known to all. Lord Macaulay has painted its dramatic close in colors too vivid and strong to be forgotten.

In severing his connection with India, his official career as a great leader was ended. Social honors were showered upon him, yet neither these nor the ample fortune he had secured enervated or caused to run to seed the brilliant literary mind that had been the architect of his fortunes. Pending the investigations into the charges against Hastings, the Lord Chancellor declared in his place in a great assembly "that it would have been happy for the country if General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis had been drowned in their passage to India." The following brilliant and Junius-like passage is from a speech made in answer to this slander. It certainly shows that the fire that inspired his early writings still brightly burned. "It is in compliance with the forms of the House," he said, "and not to shelter myself or out of tenderness to the party that I forbear to name him. If this poor and spiteful invective had been uttered by a man of no consequence or repute, by any light, trifling, inconsiderate person, by a Lord of the Bedchamber, for example, or any of the other silken barons of

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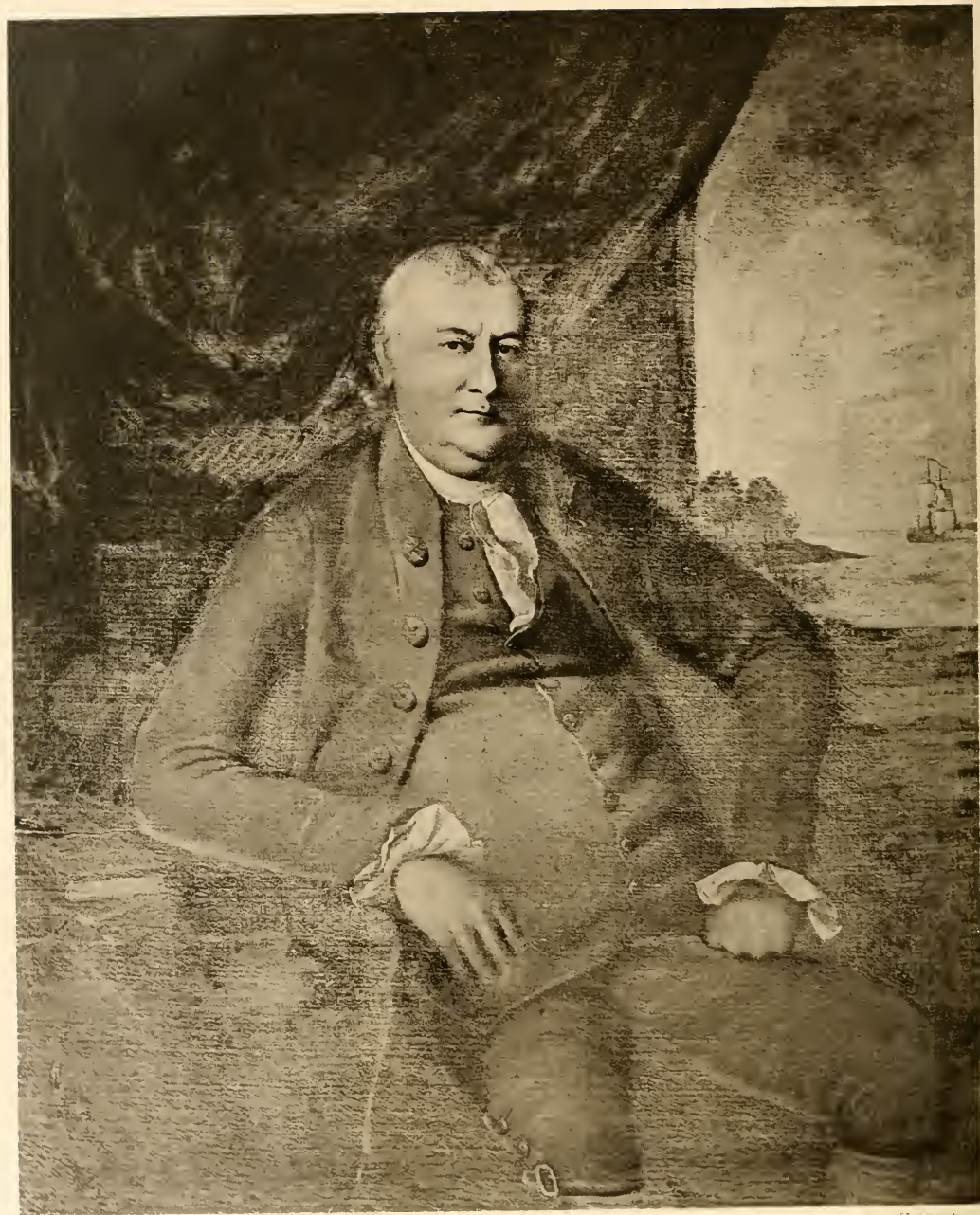
modern days, I should have heard it with indifference; but when it was seriously urged and deliberately insisted upon by a Lord of Parliament, by a judge, by a man of ability and eminence in his profession, whose personal disposition was serious, who carried gravity to sternness, and sternness to ferocity, I cannot receive it with indifference, or answer it without resentment. Such a man would be thought to have inquired before he pronounced. From his mouth a reproach is a sentence, an invective a judgment." In 1806 the Grenville ministry conferred upon him the title of Knight of the Bath, soon after receiving which he retired from Parliament. Late in life, at the advanced age of seventy-five, he married a second wife, who survived him many years. Being a lady of some literary pretension, a great reader and ready writer, she determined to write a memoir of her husband; but, being also credulous and inaccurate to an extreme, the mass of materials she collected were so voluminous that it made the task a hopeless one. By the advice of judicious friends it was abandoned. Sir Philip died in London, December, 1818.

Let us now shift the scene, and trace the fortunes of those members of the family who settled in this country. It has been stated that Tench Francis married Elizabeth Turbutt, and, after an active and useful life, died in 1758. He

had seven children, three sons and four daughters, born as follows: John, 1725; Anne, 1727; Mary, 1729; Tench, Elizabeth, Margaret, the dates of whose birth I do not know; and Turbutt, 1740. Nothing is known of John's history, but he probably died young and unmarried. Anne married James Tilghman, an eminent lawyer of Pennsylvania, and secretary of the proprietary land office. They had three sons, all of whom are entitled to a place in the roll of fame,—William, who was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; Richard, who was honorably connected with Sir Philip in his India career; and Tench, who was aide-de-camp of Washington, and was well known as a gentleman of gallant spirit, amiable temper, and cultivated manners. Mary married William Coxe of New Jersey. Tench married Anne Willing, daughter of a prominent and wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. Elizabeth married John Lawrence. Margaret married Edward Shippen, who afterwards became Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. His family had long held a high position in the social world, but during the Revolutionary War were not considered well affected toward the American cause. Indeed, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the enemy, the Shippen mansion was a great resort of the royal officers. Margaret, the daughter of Edward and Margaret Shippen, was one of the reigning belles, and it is

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said that many a British soldier carried to his grave scars inflicted by her brilliant eyes. On the reoccupation of the city by the American army, Major-general Benedict Arnold was placed in command. His name, of course, will ever be associated with all that is ignoble and base; yet, had it not been for ostentatious prodigality, the result of false pride and giddy ambition, which plunged him into pecuniary difficulties, his character, I venture to think, would have escaped the dark stain of treason. Be this as it may, up to this time his great services and military talents, his courage in battle, the patient fortitude with which he had borne excessive hardships, had secured to him a high position in the opinion of the army, and a large portion of the confidence of the country. He had not been many weeks in the city before he became attached to Margaret Shippen, and, in 1780, married her. After his ignominious flight from West Point, his wife, bowed down by shame and sorrow, returned to her father's house in Philadelphia. Notwithstanding her romantic love for her husband, she determined on a separation. This course, however, was not allowed her. Probably on account of the well-known Tory principles of her family, but, as history has clearly proved, without the shadow of a foundation, she was suspected of being cognizant of her husband's crime. By the Executive Council



SAMUEL MIFFLIN

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

she was ordered to leave the State within fourteen days, and not to return during the continuance of the war. Great exertions were made to have this edict revoked, but without avail. She joined Arnold in New York, then in possession of the British forces. The latter days of her life were spent in England, where her charms and virtues procured for her sympathy, and helped to sustain the social position of her husband, who was "generally slighted and sometimes insulted." She died in London in the winter of 1796.

Turbutt married Sarah, only daughter of Samuel Mifflin, a wealthy Quaker merchant of Philadelphia. The Mifflins sprang from the hardy and respected race of English yeomen, a name given to those landholders who are not above working their own lands. It is believed that some of the Mifflins served with distinction in Cromwell's army, although I cannot discover that any of them held positions of note. Family tradition also connects them with a German clan. It is supposed that General Muffling—who was made governor of Paris during the occupation of the city by the allies after the overthrow of Napoleon in 1815, and who, for distinguished services, was ennobled by the German authorities, under the title of Carl Ferdinand Von Muffling—sprang from the same origin. The German descendants now claim that they were

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always noble, but certainly it was not so written prior to 1825. The American descendants, for the past few generations at least, have been generally well known, respected, educated, and wealthy. John Mifflin, the father, and John Mifflin, the son, moved from Wiltshire, Old England, in 1676. After working among the Swedes on the banks of the Delaware and Schuylkill, in 1679, they settled upon a large tract of land, some three hundred acres in extent, situated on the east side of the latter river. The land was deeded jointly to father and son, the title being derived from a patent granted to the Duke of York. For some years they lived in a small building near the river side, and by a judicious cultivation of their land, laid the foundation of a fortune. The wife of John, the elder, dying, he removed to Marion, where he married a second wife, who survived him. There is no accurate knowledge of his family after his second marriage. But it is supposed that certain ones of the name, who cannot be traced to the younger John, sprang from this marriage. A Jonathan Mifflin, who died a few years ago at Bedford Springs, Delaware, and whose death elicited some comments in the newspapers, was one of these. John, the son, married Elizabeth Hardy, a young girl of twenty-one, who came from Derbyshire, England, with a shipload of Derbyshire folks, the same year that William Penn

first came. The ship discharged at the mouth of Darby Creek, the people generally settling there, and calling the place Darby town. The marriage took place on the "sixth day of the 12th month, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, at the house of Henry Lewis, near Schuylkill, where a considerable number of friends met." This marriage caused him to join the Quaker society. On his father's removal to Marion, he became possessed, by purchase, of the whole tract of land, where he resided with his wife and family until the day of his death, at the age of fifty-four. He died in affluent circumstances, leaving eight children, — Edward, George, John, Elizabeth, Patience, Jane, Samuel, and Jonathan. Edward married in Virginia, where he settled and died. Among his descendants was Warner Mifflin, so honorably connected with Clarkson and Wilberforce in their labor for abolishing the slave trade. His only male descendant is a George Warner Mifflin, who reflects no credit on his ancestors. But he has numerous daughters and granddaughters in the female line, amongst them the wife of Sidney Howard Gay, lately literary editor of the "New York Tribune," said to be, by an enthusiastic relation, "a thorough-bred Mifflin, of the purest Saxon type, fair haired and fair skin and blue eyes." This branch of the family reside in Kent County, Delaware. George, the second son, married, and was the grandfather of

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Thomas Mifflin of Revolutionary fame. Many of his descendants live in the city of Philadelphia. John, the third son, died early in life, but was married and left two sons, Benjamin and John, whose descendants are settled in Columbia, Pennsylvania, and in adjacent towns. Elizabeth married, and had four sons. Patience died soon after her father in her youth, and Jane in childhood, leaving one daughter. Samuel died single, in his twenty-fourth year. Jonathan married young, in the year 1723, and had several children, amongst whom was Samuel, who was the great-grandfather of Dr. Charles Mifflin. From the above it will appear that Thomas Mifflin was cousin to Dr. Mifflin's great-grandfather. Both these cousins deserve a few words of commendation and praise. They were intimate friends and both highly educated. Both were merchants, and both achieved an honorable success, their names being marked A 1 in the commercial marts. Both were among those who early protested against the arrogant pretensions of the British crown. To an agreement of the merchants of Philadelphia not to import goods from England until the Stamp Act was repealed, I find the name of Samuel attached. To this petition I also find the name of John Mifflin attached, who was, I think, father of Thomas. When the struggle between Great Britain and America loomed definitely up, Thomas became

an active and passionate advocate of the cause of liberty. For taking this warlike course, he was read out of the Society of Friends. His career was a remarkable one. He entered public life as representative from Philadelphia in the Colonial Assembly, and in 1774 was a delegate to the first Continental Congress. When General Washington took command of the American army, he was appointed first aide-de-camp on his staff, and accompanied him to Cambridge. He was subsequently appointed adjutant-general, and in 1776 major-general. During the siege of Boston, Mrs. Adams, wife of John Adams, thus writes concerning him: "You hear nothing from the ladies but about Major Mifflin's easy address, complaisance, etc. 'T is well he has so agreeable a lady in Philadelphia. . . . They know nothing about intrenchments, etc., when they return; or if they do, they are all forgotten and swallowed up in his accomplishments." He was unfortunate enough to become a leading member of what is known to history as the "Conway Cabal." The project failing, he resigned his commission in the army. In 1783, he was elected to Congress, of which body, at the close of the year, he became president, and, in this capacity, he received from Washington his resignation as commander in chief. In 1785 he became Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was also a member of the Convention that

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framed the federal Constitution. In 1780, he succeeded Franklin as president of the Supreme Executive Council, which position he held for two years. In 1790, he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and held this office for nine years. In estimating his character when he first appeared in public life, Bancroft, the historian, says, "he was a man of attainments, but little insight." Were this so the above record would have been impossible. He died in 1800, aged fifty-seven. He left no sons, but four daughters, — all beautiful women. One died insane; another married Judge Hopkinson of Philadelphia, — and it is to her that Moore alludes in his ballad, —

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved."

The third married a Southern gentleman, whose name I do not know (I believe he came from New Orleans); and the fourth married a Mr. Siebenstein, of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. Their descendants still live in the neighborhood, and are plain, respectable country people. The tomb of certain members of the family can still be seen in St. Peter's churchyard, Philadelphia.

Turbutt Francis, then, made no mesalliance when he married into this old Quaker family. As to himself, he was a high-minded, honorable gentleman. In early life he displayed great aptitude for military affairs, and, as soon as he reached a suitable age, applied for and received

a commission in the army. According to Parke's "Life of Sir Philip Francis," he was colonel in the American militia, and was killed in the war of independence. This is a mistake. He was not killed in that or any other war, but died a natural death, at his residence, in 1797. In the summer of 1757 the weakness of the English ministry had become apparent. So far as the French and Indian wars in America were concerned, the results had been humiliating, if not disastrous, to the British arms. At this gloomy period, Pitt was intrusted with the management of affairs. New life was infused into every branch of the service. The colonies were invited to form a royal American army; and that some inducement might be offered to educated and ambitious men, in December, 1757, the king signed an order which gave to every provincial officer of no higher rank than colonel, equal command with the British, according to the dates of their respective commissions. In 1758, on the recommendation of General Abercrombie, Turbutt received a commission as first lieutenant in the Forty-fourth Regiment, and joined the army while it was encamped on the shores of Lake George. He served with distinction in the disastrous campaign that followed. The disgraceful and bloody defeat at Ticonderoga was his first glimpse of military life. On June 6, 1764, the Governor of Pennsylvania, "repos-

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ing especial confidence and trust in your loyalty and courage," commissioned him lieutenant-colonel in the first battalion of the Pennsylvania infantry. About this time he appears to have been seized with a mania for buying land. He was convinced that America was destined to make rapid strides toward material wealth. Being proud of his descent he was anxious to leave to his descendants a fortune that would make them powerful and influential. According to his opinion land was sure to increase in value. In 1767-68, he went to England for the purpose of attracting capital to this country. He there first met his cousin Philip, who, at that time, as has been shown, held a prominent position in the War Department. A warm friendship sprang up between the two cousins; and for years afterwards Sir Philip used to talk of "my cousin the Colonel," and to dream of the princely fortune he was to possess in America. Turbutt was probably not very successful, as, very abruptly, while in the midst of a gay social life, he returned to Philadelphia. In a letter dated London, April 16, 1768, Sir Philip thus wrote to his brother in law, Alexander Macrabie, then visiting America: "My cousin the Colonel I suspect is suddenly decamped, without beat of drum, for North America. If you should meet you will find him a sensible, brave, honest fellow; and from what I have said to him, you may

depend upon his inclination to be attached to you. He has schemes for purchasing land in that country which appeared to me not bad ; by way of embarking a small property with him, he undertook to purchase a thousand acres for me." During the two following years an interesting correspondence was kept up between Sir Philip, his brother-in-law, and his American cousins. Those between Sir Philip and Turbutt Francis related chiefly to land speculations, those between Sir Philip and Macrabie to both business matters and social life in Philadelphia. A few extracts from them will be found interesting, as they contain some account of the large tract of land, which in subsequent years was the cause of an unfortunate and ruinously expensive lawsuit. They also show the social position then occupied by the family in America. In a letter dated Philadelphia, 4th May, 1770, Turbutt thus writes : " I have a plan which, with your assistance, and some of your friends over the water, will in all probability hand the name of Francis to the future world with dignity and property. It is no less than a part of a province, which I have reason to believe might be bought of the Indians for two, or three, at most, thousand guineas, provided we could obtain the crown's right to make a fair purchase. It's a matter worth your attention ; and I make no doubt you have as much anxiety for the future rank of your

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children as any fond father can have. The purchase will be very extensive and a prodigious fine country. If you can get Lewis Evans' map of the colonies, find out Fort Pitt, then go down the Ohio on the west side until you come to a river emptying into the Ohio—you will find its name to be Scioto—and higher up the same river you will find the Lower Shawanee Town. The beginning of this purchase will be at the mouth of the Scioto River, and down the Ohio until you come to the Wabash, which you will find on the west side of the Ohio,—bounded by the Wabash on the south, by the Ohio on the east, and Scioto on the north, and our western line must be run. . . .” Sir Philip writes to Macrabie from Margate, July 1, 1770, as follows: “. . . I have got a letter from our honest cousin Turbutt, which it is absolutely impossible for me to answer by this packet, unless it should happen to be detained a fortnight beyond its usual time. Pray tell him so, and that I am inexpressibly obliged to him for the trouble he has taken about the thousand acres. As to his other project, it has not been in my power to consult anybody yet, nor indeed, supposing it a thing advisable, do I know how to set about it. He talks of a tract of country which upon the map appears equal to at least a third of Ireland, and he supposes I have nothing to do but to ask and have. . . .” From Philadelphia, November 9,

1770, Macrabie thus writes to Sir Philip: "Tubby thinks his grand project cannot engage above fifteen hundred pounds, and this he would propose dividing into shares; so that he or you would not venture too much of your property in it; but I will say no more about it at present till he lets me entirely into the matter." This land was eventually purchased, but whether with English or American associates does not appear. Further on I shall again refer to it. Now a few extracts from Macrabie's social letters. From Philadelphia, 5th March, 1768, he writes: "I have mentioned before how very agreeable the reception I have met with from your cousins here, more particularly so as *it has introduced me to that kind of acquaintance* which is most difficult for a stranger to obtain, but which is at the same time absolutely necessary to his comfort where there are no public places of diversion; I mean that of a few agreeable families for a dish of tea and a dish of chat, without ceremony." In another letter about this same date, he writes: "I dine with governors, colonels, and the Lord knows who. . . . I have, I think, mentioned more than once the pleasure I have received through your connections, and the civilities shown me. Upon my soul, you are a very fine family, if you did but know it. A cousin of yours, who is to be married next week to one of the sons of the Chief Justice of the province, is

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a charming woman, though not in my opinion so amiable as another pretty cousin of yours, whom I hope to dance with at the assembly to-morrow." December 12, 1769, he writes: "Were it not that the expensive hospitable manner in which everybody lives here (for you may really go from house to house for a month, living upon delicacies, and drinking claret that you would not despise at the first tavern in London), and that their number of negroes and equipage serves as a mighty counterbalance, they would grow immensely rich, too rich, *mon ami*, for your system of American politics. . . . Colonel Francis dines with me to-day." Ninth November, 1770, he writes: "I have been introduced to our new coz, whom before I only knew by sight. Now that I have conversed with her, I like her very well. She is a sensible, clever girl."

Turbutt had three children,—one daughter and two sons,—Rebecca, Tench, and Samuel. Rebecca married Matthias Harrison. They had a son who married Elizabeth Francis, and a daughter, Rebecca, who married James McMurtrie. For some reason, the McMurtrie descendants have possession of much of the old family silver, valuable laces and brocades, as well as family portraits by the celebrated Copley. Tench married Hannah Roberts. Samuel, who was a great favorite of his maternal grandfather, changed his name to Mifflin; and at the death



MRS. SAMUEL MIFFLIN AND GRANDCHILD REBECCA FRANCIS

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. COLE

of the old Quaker gentleman, inherited what in those days was considered an almost princely fortune. At an early age he married Elizabeth, daughter of Manuel E. Davis, of the State of New York. The family of Davis were tolerably well known and connected. Manuel was captain of a vessel engaged in the Spanish trade. On one of his trips to that country he met and married a Portuguese lady of good descent. Her father and mother had been swallowed up in the great earthquake at Lisbon. According to Portuguese law, a Catholic could not marry a Protestant unless inherited property was renounced. She forfeited her inheritance, and sailed for British America with her husband. Hence it happened, as was said in a handsome obituary notice, that "Dr. Mifflin had in his veins a strong tincture of Portuguese blood; and always it was as though he belonged to a light-hearted race, and as though he walked with a mellower sunshine about him than what is felt on this side of the Atlantic." A brother of Elizabeth — Charles Augustus — in future years became well known to the American world as a wealthy merchant and an accomplished gentleman, also a political writer of note. The celebrated "Jack Downing Papers," published, if I remember correctly, during the Presidential campaign that resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson, came from his ready pen. Samuel Mifflin, throughout his life,

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was a man of mark and distinction. Strictly speaking, he was not a public man, although he was at the head of many private enterprises, and was a warm advocate of all that pertained to national interests. He was interested in building the Fairmount Water Works in Philadelphia. The enterprise proved to be founded upon good judgment, and to-day is enjoyed by the population of a great city. But it seriously crippled his private fortune. He was president and director of a score of other companies, besides being well known in fashionable society. His name was always considered a tower of strength. Throughout all his active life he was intensely interested in the Kentucky lands inherited from his father. Their value had grown vastly since the days when Sir Philip and Turbutt used to correspond about them. Years had flown by, and cities and towns had sprung up in that wilderness. All sorts of claims were advanced, the titles were disputed, and at length, after a long and expensive suit, which made deeper inroads into his fortune, the case was adversely decided. He was in Harrisburg at the time of the decision; and the distress caused by the announcement brought on an attack of gout (to which he had been subject), from which he never recovered. He died in 1829, leaving behind him an example that his descendants may well be proud to imitate. His death was universally consid-

ered a great public loss. The papers of the day were filled with complimentary obituary notices. He left six children, — Eugenia, Charles, Henry, Frank, Sophia, and Matilda. Eugenia married James Newman, a gentleman distinguished for many sweet and amiable characteristics, as well as for great integrity in business affairs. Henry married and died without issue in the West. For some years he was an officer in the United States navy. Frank married a daughter of a well-to-do farmer in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, where his descendants still live. Sophia married Edward Gardiner, who was son of the Hon. W. H. Gardiner of Boston, a gentleman of great attainments, then and still known to the legal and literary world. Matilda married Thomas Van Buren, a gentleman highly educated, and at one time, I believe, a writer of some ambition. Charles married Mary, daughter of the Hon. B. W. Crowninshield. The Crowninshields were one of the most wealthy and influential families in the Eastern States. One hundred years ago they owned ships that carried the American flag to many parts of the world. Benjamin W. Crowninshield was for many years a member of the United States Congress, as well as Secretary of the Navy. His cousin Jacob was also at one time Secretary of the Navy.

I have now finished my account of Dr. Mifflin's ancestors and ancestral connections. I

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trust that his descendants will find the story sufficiently interesting to induce them to wade through many dry details. In speaking of his life, I shall have few important events to connect with it. It is not with these colors that his character can properly be painted. His memory will long be cherished by many friends, not for public services rendered, but for those characteristics that bind heart to heart, and that mark the educated, well-bred gentleman. In these respects few men were more widely known or more highly appreciated, not only in this country, but in many of the capitals of Europe. The most captious could find no flaw in his title to the rank of gentleman. It was genuine. He owned it both by right of descent and by native qualities. From a kind and sympathetic letter received by his wife from the clergyman who officiated at their marriage, dated Marseilles, December 27, 1875, I take the following: "I remember, as if it was but yesterday, now more than forty years ago, when Dr. Mifflin first entered my study in the old house in Court Street, to engage my services at his marriage; and from that hour to this I have never met him but with pleasure, or received from him aught but the most cordial courtesy and kindness. He was instinctively a high-toned Christian gentleman in every thought, feeling, and purpose of his heart. His polished manners, his amiable disposition and temper, his

large reading and culture, enriched by travel and observation, made him a cherished friend and a most agreeable and entertaining companion to all who had the pleasure to know him. He will be missed and mourned in all the circles wherein he was wont to walk. . . . You will go back, as I do, to that brilliant scene in the old house on the corner of Beacon and Somerset streets, when your lot and life were bound up with his, and call to mind all the rich happiness you have enjoyed." . . .

His early life was passed at boarding-school, his mother being devoted to society, and so far as she took time for domestic duties, to her younger children. But both his father and mother were intensely interested in his education. All the advantages that could spring from wealth and a judicious selection of teachers he received. He studied medicine under the well-known Dr. Heuston, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with high honors, immediately after which he was appointed resident physician at the hospital, where he remained for two years. During this tedious uphill beginning of life he devoted some of his time to the fashionable world. His handsome person, genial qualities, and graceful address soon made him a great favorite. He was esteemed one of the most elegant members of the accomplished circle in which he moved. In

VOYAGE TO
RUSSIA.

recent years I have frequently met some of those who knew him in those days, and over and over again has been asked the same question, "What, the Doctor's son?" He was, however, in no sense wedded to the ball-room. His thorough education, combined with great natural aptitude for his profession, soon made him conspicuous. He was recognized by his seniors as a skillful and rising man.

In 1830, the corvette *Kensington*, Captain Ramsey commanding, was sent as a present to the Russian government. As the expedition was to be a semi-official one, it was deemed important that the officers should be of a character favorably to impress a foreign power. The ability of American institutions to produce gentlemen and scholars was not so well known as in these our latter days. Dr. Mifflin was offered and accepted the position of surgeon. During this trip he kept a diary, which in its minute details was not only interesting, but quite remarkable for the peculiarly easy and graceful style in which it was written. This diary, I very much regret to say, cannot be found. I shall therefore be obliged to resort to my imperfect memory for some particulars of this voyage, derived partly from a perusal of the papers many years ago, and partly from occasional conversations. During a violent gale of wind the *Kensington* was almost disabled, and for repairs was obliged to put into

Cowes, Isle of Wight. While at that port, it so happened that a great *fête* was given in honor of the Princess Victoria at Carisbrooke Castle, some ten miles away, or rather at the spot where stand the remains of that famous old feudal stronghold. The day on which the *fête* took place was superb, and people of distinguished rank were present from many parts of the United Kingdom. A large and brilliant ball was given in the evening by the local authorities. The officers of the *Kensington* were invited, and received with marked attention. During that evening, as well as during the few weeks that followed, Dr. Mifflin made the acquaintance of many ladies and gentlemen distinguished for high-sounding titles, if for nothing else. His diary gave a very graphic description of all these scenes. His comments upon the beauty of my lady this, the commonplace manners of my lord that, and the good-natured vein of satire that sparkled in his remarks on ostentatious pretensions, were worthy of a pen making a bid for literary fame. His experiences at that time he always loved to talk about. A quarter of a century ago he revisited Carisbrooke Castle with his family. I can well remember his intense desire to impress upon the minds of his children the beauty and splendor of the scene he had witnessed.

One lovely afternoon in the summer of 1855,

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RUSSIA.

I walked with him along the walls of the old decaying fortress, so uneven and so covered with a tangled mass of growing vines — the garment of English walls and buildings — that the eternal climbing and descending became wearisome. So we rested for a brief half hour on a huge rock that stood guard over what remained of the castle's portal. A magnificent and varied prospect was spread out before us. Far away was the harbor of Cowes, dotted with what appeared to be miniature sails. Nearer, the tower of Osborne Castle loomed up. Just beyond, the ancient forest of Parkhurst was distinctly seen. Through the distant fields, whose richly-cultivated vivid green was so decorated with beautiful shrubs and trees and crimson blossoms, that they looked like one vast garden, the River Medina ran on its way to the sea, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun. While close at hand, at the foot of the steep hill on which stood the romantic ruins, nestled the picturesque little village of Carisbrooke. The quiet, almost solemn beauty of the scene, kindled his imagination ; and in looking back through the glass of time he painted the picture of the *fête* in colors so strong that the original artist, I fancy, would hardly have recognized his own handiwork. His description at the time I cannot say made much impression upon me, for I was young, and more interested in the future

than in the dead past. But I recall it now — oh, so vividly! — and with feelings that I trust never to forget, and always to cherish.

In due time the *Kensington* completed her repairs, proceeded on her voyage, and arrived in safety at St. Petersburg. A strange tie then as now bound together the people of despotic Russia and the free United States. It can only be explained upon the theory that two extremes meet. The officers of the *Kensington* were received with open arms, and offered every hospitality. During Dr. Mifflin's stay in that capital, circumstances tended to distract his attention from the gay world. At that time the Asiatic cholera was raging, and among those best informed it was the confidently accepted opinion that this fearful disease was making rapid strides westward, and that, at no distant day, it was destined to cross the Atlantic and ravage the homes of America. The proper treatment for cholera was but little known in this country. Here, then, was offered a glorious opportunity for the young physician. By careful study he might at once be of benefit to his countrymen and pave the way to future fame. Under the unusually favorable privileges which he enjoyed, he made a deep study of the causes which invited the cholera, the sanitary precautions which should be adopted to avoid it, and the best known treatment to prevent its fatal

THE ASIATIC
CHOLERA.

termination. Glowing with enthusiasm, and with a conviction that the knowledge he had obtained would prove to be of inestimable value, he returned to America, visiting on his way some of the principal cities of Europe, where his investigations were still further pressed. Soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, the dreaded disease made its appearance in Montreal, Canada. The Philadelphia city authorities, alive to the importance of taking all possible precautions, appointed a commission to visit Montreal, and on their return to make a report of what was best to be done. To this commission Dr. Mifflin was attached. Just after his death, a gentleman of sound judgment, as well as a kind and appreciative friend, wrote as follows to a member of the family: "I first became acquainted with the Doctor in 1832, at West Point, on his way home from Canada, where he had been with the elder Dr. Meigs, commissioned by the city authorities of Philadelphia, to investigate the cholera, which was then raging in Montreal. And I have always thought that the reason it visited Philadelphia so much more lightly than New York, was from the wise counsel that followed the report." On his return to Philadelphia he was instrumental in having several cholera hospitals established, to the head of one of which he was appointed. At this time he contributed to the public press a series of articles

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on the cholera, which were widely read and copied in many parts of the country. His advice and care were eagerly sought after by many who were afflicted, not only in the city of his birth, but in the counties of his State. Indeed it may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that at that time no man's opinion on this subject was more respectfully listened to. While on a pleasure trip to Saratoga, he met, for the first time, Miss Mary Crowninshield, and after a brief acquaintance, became engaged to her. He was married the following winter at her father's house in Boston. The next few years of his life were spent partly at Philadelphia and partly at Boston. This change of residence from time to time seriously interfered with his professional prospects. Then too, unfortunately for him, he was made such a social favorite in Boston, and became so warmly attached to his wife's family, that, by degrees, he lost his interest in his native city. Professionally speaking, this was a fatal mistake. Mifflin was a new name in the medical world of Boston, and most of those with whom he was thrown were ignorant of his promising past. Besides this, the idea seemed to prevail, that as his pecuniary position did not make it necessary, he did not care to practice his profession, and his natural modesty prevented him from correcting public opinion, and making a bold push for himself. Thus it happened that

BOSTON AND
NAHANT.

for a few years after his removal from Philadelphia, he was rather known as an accomplished gentleman than as a skillful physician. This excessive and morbid modesty was one of the great defects of his character. In certain ways he was energetic and persistent. It was not from labor that he shrank. On the contrary, he would willingly and cheerfully have worked from early morning until late at night. In no sense was he a lazy man. Indeed, at no time was he happier or in better spirits than when fully occupied. But he dreaded to force himself upon the public. Perhaps in this respect it would be more correct to say that he did not possess what the French would call "*savoir-faire*," and so was compelled to trust to some lucky chance to make his knowledge appreciated. Circumstances threw an opportunity in his way, and it is not too much to say that he improved it to its utmost. His father-in-law's family were among the earliest summer residents at Nahant. Nahant was not then what in after years it became. More as a friend than as a professional man, his services were first sought. But as the population increased, and the fame of the rock-bound peninsula spread, he soon counted among his patients visitors from all parts of the country. For fully five-and-twenty years he was the only resident physician. To the poor his services were freely and grate-

fully given. He would attend for weeks and weeks the families of the fishermen, and be unwilling to accept anything but the most trifling pecuniary reward. "Doctor," I have often heard asked, "what is your bill?" "Nothing at all," would be the reply, "send me a fresh fish some day; I am very fond of tautog." I feel quite certain that the poor of Nahant will long remember his cheerful, generous nature, and that, had they been present, no tears more sincere than theirs would have been shed over his grave.

In the spring of 1853 he went to Europe with his family for a visit of several years. One of his children was left behind. On the morning of his departure, with a kiss and a "God bless you, my boy," he placed in his hands a characteristic letter of advice. I think it is worth transcribing, for it sprang from a loving heart.

March 16, 1853.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I leave this note with you to remind you of your promise to be good, and attentive to your studies. While we are absent, think of us each morning before you start on your day's occupation; and only remember the interest with which we shall watch and follow all your actions, although in a foreign land. Remember your prayers, and never forget that when you forget them, and what you ask to have done for you, you are at the mercy of every temptation. Read a short time in your Bible every day. You will find pleasure, profit, and protection in it. Remember this, I ask it of you. And before you go to school each day look over this letter. We love you dearly, and will do all in our power to make you happy and contented. Good-by. From your father.

His trip to Europe implanted in him an almost Quixotic love for foreign lands and customs. For years afterwards — indeed, it may be added, almost to the day of his death — he never tired of talking about life in France, Switzerland, and Italy. A trip to Europe, to him, seemed a sort of panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Circumstances allowed him to gratify this taste; and his face became almost as well known in the streets of Paris as it was in those of his own country. In the summer of 1855 he returned to America, and was warmly welcomed by his social friends in Boston, and his patients at Nahant.

The following fifteen years, aside from his periodical visits to Europe, he led a quiet life in Boston, devoting himself in the summer to his professional, and in the winter to his social pursuits. He was always a welcome guest, whether in the chamber of sickness or sorrow, the fashionable crowded ball-room, or at the unostentatious dinner-table. Many friends will miss his cheerful countenance at the time-honored “Wednesday Evening” and “Medical” Clubs, two social organizations that can count among their members men who have been and are still known to fame. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a warm, although quiet, advocate of the Northern side. So far as his means allowed, he contributed freely to the public

purse. His interest was probably intensified from the fact that many who were near and dear to him were risking their lives in the Union army.

In the winter of 1870 he was seized with a violent attack of pneumonia, and for some weeks serious fears were entertained for his recovery. But according to the decree of Providence his time had not yet come. While convalescent, once more he began to plan a foreign trip. One of his married daughters, Mrs. Edward Frothingham, was passing the winter at the Island of Madeira. Continually was he receiving glowing letters from her about the beauty of the scenery and the splendor of the climate. After much consultation he decided to make the experiment of visiting her, and early in April sailed for England. After a rough and tempestuous voyage, during which his steamer had the misfortune to run down and sink an English barque, he arrived in safety at Liverpool. For the first time in his life he seemed to feel the effects of age. His letters home were of anything but a cheerful nature. Alone and without friends in uninteresting Liverpool, he shrank from his self-imposed task, and rather longed for his own comfortable arm-chair in Boston. Had he been on his way to Paris or Rome, the journey would have seemed nothing. All difficulties would have vanished, or, rather, they never

would have appeared. It was because he was to sail upon, to him, unknown waters, that with feelings of distrust he saw the English shores fade in the distance, as, one morning, he stood upon the deck of the staunch steamer *Siberia*, bound for the coast of Africa. How imaginary were his doubts, and how repaid he was for any exertions he had made, the following extracts from letters will tell. Previous letters had advised his daughter of the contemplated visit. She knew the day he was to sail from Boston, and had fixed upon the steamer he would probably take from Liverpool. She was expecting him daily; and commenced a little diary which was to be sent to America immediately after his arrival. I quote: —

FUNCHAL, May 13, 1871.

Only one day more to wait! yet I feel that the time will never come; and I suppose that each hour after twelve to-morrow, when the steamer ought to be sighted, will seem years; for although she is a new, fast boat,—the *Siberia* only having made one other passage,—I feel there will be a delay. The weather, too, does not look over promising,—rain and sunshine alternately,—but, much as I long for a pleasant day when he comes, I shall be too grateful to have him come safely to complain of such a comparative trifle.

Evening.—It has certainly seemed as if the day would never end,—the rain knocking all our plans in the head, and keeping us mostly in the house. Time has really hung heavily. I have tried hard exercises on the piano, duets with E., writing, sewing, and all my various resources; tried to ride, too, but had to send the horses away on account of the weather. At last, I took to singing, and from that to giving

Edward dancing lessons. Now this evening I have been making a fringe to a white sort of Cashmere shawl I have. . . . To-morrow, if only the weather is good, I shall keep myself as busy as possible ; for after twelve, the hour the *Siberia* is due, I shall be as nervous as a witch. Poor father, too, must be counting the hours for his long journey to end ; and you, in your lonely home, must be doing your share of counting and watching, — so long it will be before you hear.

Friday Morning. — All hopes of fine weather seemed over this morning ; so I summoned all my patience, and set myself to bear a long day of trial ; but just now — half-past eleven — Edward seizes my opera-glass and says, “ There it goes — the signal ! ” And it is clearing ! I believe I began to cry at once, then flew for my boots, etc. He would not let me see her come in from here, lest we could not get down to the beach in time to go out the moment the gun was fired. Some one suggests a cruel doubt here that it may be some other steamer. But Edward says “ No,” and we are off.

Saturday Morning. — Well, he has come at last ; and after reading his written side of the question, I must give you mine. Edward and I made first for the custom-house, where was Mr. Telles, who promised to have the government boat meet us. Whether or no it was the *Siberia* was as yet uncertain ; but we felt sure that Loo Rocks and signals would tell us in time. Almost instantly after the doubt she hoisted a row of flags, and it was all right. Almost as instantly, we spied a little ship on the horizon. I became quite frantic, and rushed to the club-rooms, where I was to remain ; while Edward, with Mr. Telles, went to a distant landing. They were to row out, and when the white handkerchief assured me all was right, I was to follow. I think I shall never forget the wild excitement with which I watched that steamer plunge and struggle through the great waves. I could see her very distinctly with the aid of the opera-glass ; and the sight was something *sublime*, knowing as I did how father was strug-

gling with her to reach us after his long journey! And how he must feel as he approached the little spot of which he had heard so much and risked so much to reach! I could see the waves dash over the ship; then see her dive down again, always to come up bravely and steadily! Nearer and nearer she came, until at last I could well distinguish figures. By this time, Mr. Hinton and another gentleman had come to share my excitement. Each takes a look in turn to see if they could make out father. For some twenty minutes he could not be distinguished. My spirits began to flag. But they were so kind in describing all whom they saw, and in pointing out just where I was to look! At last he said, "Another person has just come up. Has your father a dark complexion?" "Yes." "Well, now look, is that he?" I looked. "Yes, it is he; but I only saw his back." "Now, Mrs. Frothingham, look again; he is leaning on the side, looking this way." "Yes, that is certainly he; but how well he looks!" That instant my carriage was announced, and I flew off, Mr. Hinton giving the necessary orders. I had no sooner reached — than the boat was in sight, bringing baggage and all; and in five minutes father was on the slips. Dear mother, I was so glad to see him!

Writing the same night to his wife, Dr. Mifflin gave some little description of his voyage from Liverpool, and his impressions of the warm reception he received at Madeira.

MADEIRA, *May 13, 1871.*

DEAR MARY,— On my voyage from England I dotted in pencil various incidents from Holyhead across the Bay of Biscay, off Cape Finisterre (Land's End), the making yesterday morning of Porto Santo, fifty miles from this island, thinking some vessel might anticipate a regular mail. In a few words, the weather overhead was fine, but the sea very rough, so that the passengers could not keep on deck.

But we were making two hundred and fifty miles per day. For the last two days there was heavy rain and squalls, and as we approached Madeira a hurricane caught us, and such a sea as had seldom been seen in the Bay of Biscay in midwinter. There was but little prospect of being able to land at Madeira, and every probability of being taken on to the Canary Islands. This suspense was for two hours. Having important mails to deliver, Captain French, on consultation with his officers, determined to risk the lee of Loo Rock, the water there being some forty feet deep nearly close up to the shore.

I at last heard the anchor and chain rattle to their grapplings, to the infinite satisfaction of all on board; for we were then beyond the fury of the gale, in smooth water. First came the health officers, and then another government boat with the leading custom officer, and Edward by his side. I knew him at once, although so much stouter. He raised his handkerchief, swung his hat, and gave me as he boarded the steamer such a welcome as could only come from a warm and true heart. My trunk and traps were ordered at once into the government boat, and wishing my fellow-passengers a safe deliverance in Africa, I crawled down the steamer, took a seat by invitation of the officer in the stern of the boat, had my legs covered with a tarpaulin, and midst spray and pitching in five minutes I was on the landing, and Eugenia rushing down the steps in a state of wild phrenzy to clasp me. It was almost more than I could bear,—a dream realized, the perils of a voyage over, and I in the hands of two who were to lead me to and through the gates of this garden of Paradise. Yet I bore myself well, and I think Eugenia will so tell you.

On the plateau over the stairway stood the carriage and oxen. I will not detain you with the transportation, but in advance of us were another sled and oxen with my luggage,—both accompanied by a retinue of beggars and loafers. I should think this hotel of Mr. Holway's was a

VOYAGE TO
MADEIRA.

half mile from the landing, up hill and down dale. I cannot describe my impressions when the massive gate was thrown open. The portal, like one of the illusions in Cinderella, seemed to have been transformed into one great vase teeming with flowers and fruits, and long avenues radiating from it of grape-vines, with terrace upon terrace, the main one of which opened into the hall of the hotel, and on each of which Eugenia's parlor and my bed-room with balconies fronted. Terraces of grapes, bananas, figs, and other delicious fruits formed our platform and the background of Funchal.

All these experiences were before three o'clock. At five, Antonio announced dinner, and a capital one it was, — soup, lamb, roast chicken, green peas, salad so fresh and tender, and we all, discarding puddings, came to the next course of fruits and oranges, only to be equaled in flavor and richness by the finest violet-flavored Capri wine, excellent Madeira too ; but no matter about that yet.

Well, evening came, and 't was still the same. The tempest and storm being over, and the whirlwind of our passions calmed, we gathered round the evening lamp for my recital of everything in the one hour before bed-time, — nine o'clock. There is something pastoral in this early hour, and the convent bell, tolling on the heights above, seemed to give a sanctity to the movement of that hour. . . . I doffed my candle, and got into such a luxurious bed as I have not been in for many a weary night. I soon fell asleep, and dreamed all night that I dwelt in marble halls, with scions of all by my side. I found myself more than once holding converse with them. For the time it seemed all a reality

We walked on the shaded terraces before breakfast, and to a plateau overhanging a gorge and running torrent. I felt the heat, and knowing the parlor was at a lower temperature, we came in to breakfast. . . .

With all the discomforts of these two voyages my pains and aches seem to have vanished. It required pluck on my part

when the time came to go to battle with them. How far I have been victorious, the tenor of this letter may give you some idea. I think this will cheer you all; and I intend there shall be no flagging or falling off, as there is in too many of the pictorials!

When the summer months arrived, and the weather became uncomfortably warm, with his daughter and son-in-law he sailed for Spain, whence, after a stay of a few weeks, he went to the mountains of Switzerland. That summer was spent at Vevay, to which, from many associations, he was warmly attached. After a brief stay in Paris, during the autumn months, he returned to America.

In the spring of 1875 his health began decidedly to fail. Up to this time his peculiarly youthful personal appearance, as well as his almost boyish manners and feelings, made it impossible for any one to realize that he had reached the age allotted to man. Although seventy summers had come and gone since the day of his birth, there was scarcely a white hair in his head. While his back was somewhat bent, and he could no longer walk with the elasticity of youth, his mind was as bright and clear as it was in the days long gone. No stranger, or, indeed, friend of long acquaintance, on meeting him at his club or dinner table could have guessed his age. Yet both disease and age were making rapid progress. By his family and

SUMMER AND
AUTUMN OF
1875.

friends it was confidently believed that his growing troubles sprang solely from the natural results of age rather than from any specific disease.

The summer he passed quietly at Nahant, sitting most of his time upon the piazza of his cottage, alternately reading, painting, — his favorite pastime,¹ — and dreaming his own fond day dreams. I think no foreign steamer left the port of Boston but what he eagerly watched the last trace of the smoke from her pipes. For was this steamer not bound for Europe, and was not a trip to that country a relief to all bodily and mental ailments? Yes; to Europe he would go that very autumn. A winter in Paris or Rome would add years to his life. So he confidently thought. This dream was never destined to be realized. Thus, being one day better and another worse, the summer slipped smoothly away.

In the autumn it was suggested that a trip to the hills of Berkshire might be of benefit. So to the town of Pittsfield he went with his wife. Some of his family were visiting there, and during his stay he received all the kindness and attention that loving hearts could give. For the first few days after his arrival he seemed to improve, but the improvement was only temporary. The change of scene and of climate

¹ I think in connection with Dr. Mifflin's talents I should have said that his taste for art and his judgment of paintings were quite remarkable. He was an amateur artist of considerable skill.

only affected the mind. The real cause of his troubles was not then known or even suspected. Unfortunately for his pleasure and comfort, the glorious and timely weather, which at that season of the year usually prevails in Western Massachusetts, was wanting ; mud and rain and cold winds prevented much out of door enjoyment. Either to walk or to drive was uncomfortable. He remained about ten days, and after this time, having sunk decidedly several steps on the downward ladder, he suddenly determined to return to his own home.

On the afternoon of his return medical aid was summoned, and after a most careful examination no organic disease could be discovered. It was hoped and believed that with great care health might be restored. Yet day by day and week by week he grew slowly but steadily worse. His strength and appetite almost completely failed him. His family became seriously alarmed, and a consultation of physicians was requested. Then the sad truth became known. The end was approaching and at no distant day. Like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky this dreadful certainty fell upon the family. That he was a great invalid, and, indeed, a very sick man, was only too apparent, but that the angel of death, with her sable wings, was already hovering over his head, was never for a moment imagined. For many reasons it was deemed

LAST DAYS.

best not to let the sad truth be mentioned near the sick chamber. Days before the golden bowl was broken he would find time enough for words of last farewell ; what need was there to make the parting unnecessarily hard to bear ? And so, from day to day, his family waited and watched and clung to some imaginary hope.

December had now come with its cold, bleak winds. About this time, I think it was, he began to realize his condition. He did not say one word to his wife and but little to his children on the subject. Yet what little he did say was sufficient to assure all that he knew he was nearing that "bourne from which no traveller returns," and that with trust and confidence he was willing to commit his eternal soul to the Almighty who created it.

Two days before he died a friend was sitting by his bedside. It was a cold although lovely afternoon. From his bed he could look through the window and see the setting sun light up the heavy clouds that hung over the distant hills. Gazing intently at the view, he said, "I feel as if I was going down with that sun." Then after a pause he added, "My way will be lighted, and the world will be in darkness."

Finally came the morning of the 9th of December. He had passed a restless, uneasy, painful night, being at times delirious and again wonderfully clear in his mind. That

morning the family had all been summoned and were sitting about his bed. At about half past ten o'clock he suddenly opened his eyes and called for one of his children. Being asked if he had anything to say, he looked around the room once more, then folded his wasted hands over his breast and said, "By and by, by and by." The clock was striking eleven when his eyes were reverently closed for the last time, and his spirit was with its Maker.

DEATH.

12-11-11

APPENDIX.

OBITUARIES.

OWING to the quiet and reserved life that Dr. Mifflin led, it was not expected by his family that any obituary notices would appear in the public press. It happened, however, that a few friends were sufficiently interested in his memory to write and publish the following. I append them, as they may be found of interest. The first is taken from the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and was written by one who knew and loved him well. It was copied in the Philadelphia papers as well as by "Galignani's Paris Messenger," prefaced in the latter by the following editorial notice :—

Many of our readers will be pained to hear that Dr. Charles Mifflin died at his residence in Boston, United States of America, on December 9th, 1875. Dr. Mifflin's face was familiar to many all over the continent, independent of those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. For in the past five and twenty years he has constantly been in the habit of visiting Europe. He was an accomplished, genial, cultivated gentleman, amiable in disposition, one whose life was the personification of truth and personal integrity. We copy from the "Boston Daily Advertiser" the following notice :—

Dr. Charles Mifflin, who died at his residence in Beacon Street, on the 9th instant, was born in Philadelphia, July 19, 1805, of a lineage and family which gave him all the social advantages of that charming city. After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania he studied medicine with Dr. Hewson, and began the practice of his profession in Phila-

OBITUARIES.

delphia, where he rendered valuable aid during the cholera year, and on one occasion made a voyage as surgeon in a government vessel.

In 1835, Dr. Mifflin married a daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Crowninshield, of Boston, and in 1838, at the solicitation of his wife's family, became a resident of Boston. It was always a subject of regret among Dr. Mifflin's friends that he did not immediately commence the practice of medicine in his new home, but the diffidence and modesty of his character made him shrink from attempting among strangers what he was well fitted to execute. The family of Mr. Crowninshield was among the summer residents of Nahant, and it was there during the season, that Dr. Mifflin was first called upon to exercise his skill in a friendly way among the inhabitants of the place; as the population and wants of Nahant increased, he was year by year drawn into a general practice, and for a long period was the only resident physician of Nahant. There his skill as a physician, his genial manners, unvarying cheerfulness, and untiring devotion made him the favorite and friend, not only of all the annual frequenters of Nahant, but of the strangers who required his services. Dr. Mifflin loved to go from house to house, always with a smile on his face and a word of cheer for every one who was ill in body or mind. Patience, cheerfulness, and little medicine was the secret of his treatment, and no physician was ever more welcome or perhaps had better success.

If a quiet, blameless life, devoted to good works and the promotion of fellowship and charity, can enlist our attention, our deceased friend was to be praised for his example, and envied for his success.

Dr. Mifflin leaves a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, who with his many friends will ever cherish his memory and deplore his loss.

S. H. R.

December 10.

[From the "Transcript."]

OBITUARIES.

DR. CHARLES MIFFLIN died at his residence, on Beacon Street, Boston, at eleven o'clock on the morning of December 9. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was born in the year 1805. He was graduated at the medical college in his native city.

On the paternal side, for his grandfather he had Colonel Francis, of the British army, who was the brother of Sir Philip Francis, so famous because of the manner in which his name has been connected with the "Letters of Junius." The son of Colonel Francis married the daughter of Samuel Mifflin, of Philadelphia, and assumed the name of his wife's father.

An ancestress of Dr. Mifflin's was a native of Lisbon; and when she was five years of age she was taken out by the nurse, from the city, one fine morning, to visit her grandmother in the country, and soon after they two had got outside of the city, it was swallowed up in what is now known as the great earthquake of Lisbon. Some twenty years later than that awful event, a Friend belonging to Philadelphia arrived at Lisbon as captain of a vessel, and he became engaged to the maiden who had had the wonderful escape, and then the question arose, according to the laws of the country, whether the Quaker captain would become a baptized Catholic, or the Lisbon donna renounce her inheritance. She renounced her property, and sailed for British America, as a Protestant, and hence Dr. Mifflin had in his veins a strong tincture of Portuguese blood; and always it was as though he belonged to a light-hearted race, and as though he walked with a mellower sunshine about him than what is felt on this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Mifflin never held any public office, but he was widely known and highly prized in Boston and Philadelphia, and also in foreign lands, on account of his personal qualities, his graceful address, and his geniality as a companion. And

OBITUARIES.

as a sympathetic man, he gave his time and service to the poor, freely and gladly, whenever he was in the way to do so.

His face will be sadly missed by many, but at the same time his memory will survive in their minds, like a remembrance of pleasure and like a gleam of light.

The lines which follow were written by Mrs. Barbauld, and it is said that Wordsworth could have wished that he himself had been their author. Let the concluding couplet be listened to as though they were the words of the departed friend here commemorated : —

“ Life, we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'T is hard to part, when friends are dear, —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh and tear.
Then steal away, give little warning ;
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.”

“ The spirit of life from God.” Rev. xi. 11.

[From the “ Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.”]

WE have to record the death of a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society who, although he was an active practitioner but for a limited portion of his life, will nevertheless be missed by a large circle of professional friends. Many of his companions, whose names are well known to all of us, have gone before him, but few have left behind them so pleasing a memory of the well-bred gentleman and genial friend as Dr. Charles Mifflin.

Dr. Mifflin died at his residence in this city on Thursday last. Born in Philadelphia in 1805, he was reared in a school of medicine justly celebrated for the talent of its teachers, the University of Pennsylvania. Remaining for some time after graduating in his native city, his services were soon called into requisition by the approach of cholera,

during which epidemic he saw much active service. Later, he made a voyage to Russia as surgeon to a government vessel. Since his marriage he has resided in Boston, and although a natural reserve and diffidence prompted him to refrain from the practice of his profession among strangers and with new professional colleagues, circumstances placed this wish beyond his control, and for a long series of years the summer residents of Nahant enjoyed the privilege of his professional care. Indeed, he may be said to have been the pioneer in a custom which is rapidly becoming more and more general among Boston physicians. His cheerful, genial manners made him always welcome, whether he came as friend or physician. His name is well known to the country from its connection with Revolutionary deeds. His quiet life, unselfish disposition, and warm heart will long be remembered by many a friend who mourns his loss.

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